

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," and CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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CHAPTER III. The Sleeping Beauties.

TWO long rows of heads floated upon a canal of blue ooze. Between the rows ran a wide plank walk, and called to the edge of this, in front of each head, was a waist high pole bearing a pastboard tablet, upon which were ruled lines and figures and writing. A weird light shined down from the blue glass, of which the low roof and south wall were composed. A bell rang. Every head turned with a sudden expression of blue tinted hatred toward a door at the upper end of the plank walk.

The door opened, and through it came a pompous fat German, whose hair and mustache and beard and stomach all projected so violently forward that to support them he was compelled to walk away backed and spraddle legged.

The bald head with funny purple nose upon its face down near the center of the upper row turned its watery eyes to the jovial head which was its neighbor.

"Zwick!" it said in mournful explanation.

"And so that's the main assassin," returned the jovial one, whose big, pink face was the only smiling countenance in the assemblage.

"Dr. Zwick," repeated the baldhead.

"I can't make up my mind whether he's a colored supplement or a comic valentine," chuckled the big one, "but whichever he is he's the poorest leader in his class, take it from me."

Dr. Zwick gazed down sternly upon his prey like a Spartan schoolmaster who has made up his mind to thrash the entire class to be sure of punishing one culprit.

"There has been entire re-try too much taking it like a choke, this Zwick re-treatment of R-rheumatism," he rolled in a throaty howl of authority. "It is no cho-ko-ke! Beghinning fr-r-rom tonight there will be no sitting upon porches nor v-issiting in r-r-rooms after 9 o'clock. Herr-r-mann, the temper-ratures!"

The first six comprised a banker, a lawyer, a senator, a broker, a railway president and even a doctor, yet none of them resented the indignity of method except with his staring eyes.

Dr. Zwick cleared his throat.

"Number one-o-five-three," he charged sternly, "you were yesterday in the



"Is no water!" he thundered.

village and ate some r-r-rod meat! Now, for one week you had no meat at all. Hous, three ounces!"

The face of the banker festooned itself into a dozen hideous grimaces as the deadly dose approached him. The tears streamed from his eyes, as he finished the torture, and he spluttered and coughed and wheezed.

"Water!" he gasped in the shrill falsetto of acute strangulation.

Dr. Zwick, already puffing with indignation over the sobs of the next head, turned upon the banker a pitiless eye.

"Is no water!" he thundered, and left the banker to choke.

"Why does he stand for that?" inquired the newcomer.

"Because," rasped Cornelius Rockewell, "sometimes this cures."

"Thank you," returned the pink faced patient. "You've handed me the right tip." So remarking, he climbed up his mud concealed stepladder and stood on the plank walk, a pink headed statue of obesity in dripping blue floss.

He had met Cornelius Rockewell in the intimacy of the sand bath, and further acquaintance would be easy.

"I suppose there's about \$70,000,000,000 out there pounding little rubber balls over the billowy green," observed

Wallingford mustily, indicating the crowded golf links, where age and decrepitude solemnly and vainly sought to renew youth and vigor. "I wonder if only rich men get rheumatism."

"I have it," argued the blue nosed man, who, seen in the afternoon sun on the porch of the sanitarium, proved to be the only seedy looking individual in the place. His newsighted eyes were now protected by thick, steel rimmed spectacles, and the awkward stoop in his shoulders explained why he had kept his chin in the mud. Altogether he was so frayed and threadbare a man, both as to personality and clothing, that Wallingford, an opportunist who made his own opportunities, would scarcely have wasted any time with him except that he was baffled as to how to approach old Rockewell.

"Well, we can't all be handsome," consoled J. Rufus, glancing down at the cracked and dingy little hand bag which represented the whole of the baldheaded man's traveling necessities. The baldhead was going away on the rickety stage, having completed the cure.

"No, nor even lucky, like Dr. Zwick. Here I am, with the greatest medical discovery of the age," said the blue nosed man, "compelled to stop my experiments and give my last cent to old Zwick, because I couldn't use my hands."

Wallingford looked at this man anew. "Rheumatism dope?" he suggested. "The germ of senility," stated the other with quiet pride. "I've segregated it, and I've been for thirty years working on it."

"The germ of senility," repeated Wallingford thoughtfully. "The bug that causes old age?"

The baldheaded man suddenly awoke. He hitched his chair closer. "The germ which causes old age," he repeated impressively, touching Wallingford's knee with his knuckles by way of emphasis. "It begins its work in the lower intestine and gradually spreads throughout the entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping vitality everywhere."

"Great!" agreed Wallingford, with a smile. "If you last long enough to get a patent on your trained microbes a man with the price will be able to live until he is hanged or shot."

"Why, I wouldn't sell it," protested the professor, shocked. "Snalley's senility microbe must be a philanthropic gift."

"I don't know but what it is a better plan," asserted Wallingford. He looked out at Rockewell, playing clock golf industriously, with the hope that it would make him live longer. The best way to reach Cornelius was from the outside. "I'm going with you, Snalley!"

"Which is the laboratory and which is the kitchen sink?" demanded Wallingford, looking around the ill favored quarters of Professor Snalley with a certain shudder of discomfort.

"Look!" the professor cried to Wallingford, holding up one of his test tubes. "The finest germs I ever saw!" "I believe you're right," agreed Wallingford. "It's a full two shades dirtier than the rest of them."

"Walt," urged the professor, "I'll show you something that will do your eyes good." Placing a tiny drop of liquid from the test tube upon a thin glass slide, he covered it with another, clamped the two together and set it upon a rack, while he reverently took up his velvet lined case, a speckless high power microscope, its brasswork shining like sunlight. On the stage of this he placed his prepared slide and focused for a breathless five minutes.

"Now look!" he cried to Wallingford triumphantly. "I expected to see a bug," Wallingford presently announced. "A germ is not a bug," chided Snalley with a sudden return of his mournfulness. "But look again and remember what you see, for now comes the wonderful part of the exhibit."

He was already preparing another slide, placing between the two glasses a drop taken from a jar containing a thick bluish white substance. Wallingford did as he was told and observed a number of small oval disks formed of concentric black and white rings and each bearing a delicate fringe around the edge, like infinitesimal cogs. These disks were slowly revolving about each other where their fringes touched. Now and then one, released from its neighbor, made a sudden dash across the vast space of its sixty-fourth of an inch world and joined another group, to begin again its slow revolution. One of these was particularly active, and Wallingford, beginning to be highly interested, named it Joe upon the spot.

"There's nothing to it, professor," he declared, turning from the microscope with a sigh of relieved tension. "Let Joe in here is a bug, and a bad bug at that, no matter what you say. And are those the boys that make us take hair tonic and store teeth?"

"Let's cut out the prolimas and have the main bout," suggested Wallingford. "I want to put a bet down on little Joe."

The bewildered Snalley looked at him solemnly and put the new compound slide upon the stage where the previous ones had been. Wallingford had his eye to the microscope before Snalley was through with his manipulation, and a grin of delight spread itself upon his face. The little fringed disks flew, as if by magnetic attraction, to the edges of the white ones and whirled rapidly about them until they were drawn into the vortex, when they suddenly lost their color and motion and were blotted out entirely.

"Well, I win," declared Wallingford triumphantly. "Little Joe is weak and robbly, but he's still in the ring. But say! Professor, it was a grand little fight, and I'll make it worth more money to each of us than you could stack in a railroad ferry."

"No, no!" protested Snalley. "This is to be a philanthropy, I tell you."

"Sure it's to be a philanthropy," agreed Wallingford. "Let's you and I go right out and incorporate."

Wallingford rushed out of his brownstone front to greet three callers. "Tell it to us quick, Jim," ordered Blackie. "The only thing that we could make out of your telegram was that you were crazy."

"I am," chuckled Wallingford, his broad shoulders heaving and his eyes half closing—"crazy with enthusiasm. Our antique friend, Rockewell," he explained as he led the way back through the richly decorated hall, "is so cautious that he hides his money from himself, and the only way we can make Cornelius restituite is with a twenty-six mile gun."

"Come right on in and get acquainted, girls," invited Wallingford carelessly. "I've gone in for science on this Rockewell case, and we're staging the



They Surveyed the New Place of Business.

greatest discovery of the age. I have a baldheaded old Onion upstairs mixing dope to keep men young.

"Now, listen, Blackie. Here's who you are." And from a drawer in the table Wallingford produced a very much soiled oilskin packet, from within which he took a clean, folded parchment illuminated with an extremely gaudy collection of ribbons and seals. Opening this document, printed in Latin and three colors, he spread it before Blackie and the girl. "That is a diploma of bacteriology from the Universitue von Schliesholz-Sturmstadt. I bought it for \$15 from a poor devil who couldn't make a living with it in this country. Your name, as you will see by the lithograph there, is August Schoppenschmittmeister von Univer-situe von Schliesholz-Sturmstadt."

"You see, this Snalley is such a dum my," began Wallingford. "He's too real. So you have to be the display scientist, demonstrator and chief of the medical staff at the Snalley Sanitarium For the Promotion of the Cure of Senility."

"I am relieved," declared Blackie. "I was afraid you might want me to undertake some difficult stunt. This diploma thing makes it easy. What language do I speak?"

"Schmierkase English," replied Wallingford, "and as little of that as possible. For your native tongue you may jabber a little Kartoffelkloeseburg."

"Sure," agreed Blackie. "What is it?" "I don't know myself," confessed Wallingford. "But I do know this much—that in Germany dialects are so thick and so different that a Mecklen-burger and a Dusseldorfer have to make signs if they try to talk together, and they do say that Mecklenburgers can't understand each other. So if you take a dialect that nobody ever heard about you can get away with it."

"Do you suppose hog Latin would do?" inquired Blackie earnestly. "I know three or four hog Latin dialects we used to use when I was a kid. Dorthogoo youthegoo knowthegoo, thithog is wothegoon?"

"Say it again!" cried Violet. "Great Scott!" exclaimed Wallingford. "Do you remember that gibber-ish? By George, it's been a thousand years since I heard it or thought of it. Here's your laboratory, Blackie."

They surveyed the new place of business with becoming gravity. "Where's the push button?" Blackie said. "There's one thing I forgot—a pair of old green carpet slippers embroidered with pink roses." He approached the elaborate array of scientific apparatus with a careless hand, which Wallingford stayed.

"You're a precious brat," he warned, "but there are some things you don't know. You're liable to connect the guroozlicus with the slambang and knock the dickens out of the blaxxabo."

"Well, we'll get another one then," consoled Blackie. "I rigged up this place for Snalley, but he couldn't stand prosperity. So I had to move his old outfit up in the attic and cart up a load of cobwebs. Now he's happy. Come up and look him over."

In the attic they found Snalley. Wallingford gravely introduced the girls, then Blackie. "Professor Snalley, shake hands with Herr Doktor August Schoppenschmittmeister der Universitue von Schliesholz-Sturmstadt, the eminent bacteriologist of whom I told you."

Snalley jumped up, sniffed two pinches of paprika and actually sneezed in his excitement before he grasped Blackie's hand.

"Delighted to meet you, I am sure. You are just in time, Doctor—Doctor—Doctor— And Snalley looked helplessly at Wallingford.

"Just doctor," easily prompted the master of ceremonies.

"You are just in time, doctor, to take part in a microcosmic step which

though apparently trifling, will, I am sure, result in vast ultimate advancement toward securing the hardy renunciation which is essential to the elimination of certain intergermal difficulties which you will readily comprehend."

Wallingford shivered, but Blackie never batted an eyelash. "An hour later, dripping but triumphant, Blackie rejoined Wallingford and the girls in the library."

"Well, can you do it?" asked Wallingford anxiously. "With my hands tied behind me," responded Blackie confidently. But say, old man, get me a map of Germany and a mouthful of mush. I want to practice that dialect. My tongue's so dry with it right now that you could strike a match on it. J. Rufus, I'm perfectly willing to play in on this game, and I love it, but I wish you'd tell me why this Snalley onion can't be trusted to do his own trick."

"Because a newspaper reporter would corner him in four minutes," replied Wallingford in deep disgust. "What are we to do?" asked Fannie. "Plenty," Wallingford chuckled. "Have either of you girls a trusty elderly female relative who looks like either of you?"

"Aunt Patty!" The girls jumped up and clapped their hands. "She'd look like Violet's twin if she were younger," explained Fannie.

The newspapers "ate it up," to use Blackie Daw's expressive way of putting the matter. At Wallingford's call they flocked to his place of business, where Jackson's whalers and absolute humorless face inspired confidence to begin with. They were ushered in upon Wallingford and Billy the Yegg, where the genial J. Rufus, while compelling respect by his breadth of waistcoat and richness of cravat, at the same time removed any possible chill by his own irresistible smile and hand-shake of good fellowship. They drank Wallingford's wines and liquors with avidity and smoked his fine cigars and imparted cigarettes with eagerness. When he had them well soothed he led them upstairs in droves, and in the very first crowd were such stars as Jimson of the Orb and Hazard of the Sphere.

"Pake, I guess," pronounced Hazard carelessly. "Too much scenery to be anything else. What do you think of it?"

"Pake, I guess," agreed Jimson. "Going to use the story?"

"Am I going to call for my envelope on Saturday?" demanded Jimson indignantly. "I should say I will use the story, and they'll use it at the office, not less than three columns of it, and if the Orb don't top it with a double page Sunday feature I'll quit the sheet. I won't work on a dead one."

They suddenly stopped talking as they reached the head of the stairs, for Wallingford had paused before the door of the front apartment and held up a plumb warning hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am about to show you the secret of life. Before admitting you to this room, however, I must warn you that this laboratory is full of dangerous chemicals and still more dangerous germs, and I must ask you to kindly refrain from handling any of the articles in the laboratory, this as a matter of safety to yourself and to myself and Dr. Schoppenschmittmeister."

"Gentlemen, Dr. Schoppenschmittmeister," introduced Wallingford, and then suddenly stopped as he caught sight of Blackie and choked and turned red in the face and lunged for a handkerchief to stuff into his mouth; for Blackie, whom he had not seen in costume, had somehow secured inch and a half lifters to put on his shoes, making himself an inch and a half taller and making his trousers an inch and a half too short. He had doffed his customary Prince Albert coat, which had made of his slender figure rather a thing of grace, and in its stead wore a long, skin tight gray sweater which came down to his hips. Over this he had a short monkey jacket, which hid him at about the waist and left not less than six inches of wrist revealed. Upon his head he wore the black silk skullcap, upon his eyes the big wooden rimmed spectacles, and slowly uncoiling his tremendous gaunt length from his low chair at the laboratory bench, he removed his four foot porcelain pipe from his mouth with a waver and, his feet close together, bowed extravagantly low.

"Chendelmens," he said, "I am bleased by meeting maid you."

One of the younger reporters giggled. Some others smiled.

"Chendelmens, be bleased to be seended yay," he invited with another wave of his pipe, and this was the height of his audacity, for, while there were nearly a score of visitors in the room, there were only two chairs besides his own. Yet Wallingford, earnestly desiring to shake Blackie until his teeth chattered, was the only one who observed the discrepancy.

Had any of the others noticed the circumstance it would have been forgotten immediately, for in the next instant there was a terrific explosion upon a chemical worktable.

Following this, Wallingford led them up another flight of stairs.

"This, gentlemen," said Wallingford in a hushed tone at the door of the attic, "is the laboratory of Professor Julius Alexander Snalley, the discoverer of the wonderful cure for old age. For thirty years he has worked for the benefit of humanity."

He threw open the door. Those nearest it started in, stopped. The professor, clad only in his underclothing and shoes and with a half eaten bread and cheese sandwich clutched in his hand, was lying upon his cot, snoring most melodiously.

Wallingford led them downstairs into the dining room, where, showing his knowledge of newspaper men, he had ordered the table to be crowded with

all sorts of handy lunch, liquor and cigars. He then made a little speech. "The great Snalley cure for old age," he advised them, "was never to be exploited for profit." It was the insouciant Hazard of the Sphere who, emboldened by the comfortable good fellowship of the occasion, interrupted the speech at that point.

"I'll have to rewrite my introduction, Mr. Wallingford," he chimed out. "You looked like a specialist in profits to me."

"You had my number," Wallingford admitted. "I am a highly specialized expert in personal profits. Now, boys, I've handed you the whole game."

Good men were to live forever now, if the newspapers were to be believed.

Newspaper men were enjoying a quiet drink and smoke with Wallingford, whom they were again interviewing, when Jeremiah D. Crimper was announced.

"Very glad to talk with you, Mr. Crimper. I'm sure you will excuse the presence of my friends here. I have no secrets from them whatsoever, and you may talk right ahead."

"What practical arrangements are you making to put this senility cure on the market?"

"The plan is very simple, Mr. Crimper. The Society For the Promotion of the Snalley Cure For Senility, a corporation not for profit, has been organized, with \$1,000,000 capital stock, and its books are open for subscriptions."

"Then," said Mr. Crimper suddenly, "I think I may offer you a subscription."

"I thank you for the offer, Mr. Crimper," said Wallingford politely, "but before accepting it I shall be compelled on behalf of Mr. Snalley's great philanthropy to inquire into Mr. Crimper himself and his claims."

"Well," Crimper stated, "I am here as the representative of another."

Wallingford's face instantly hardened. "I'm afraid your principal will have to present his own case," he declared.

The gentleman agreed. "To my principal there can be no possible objections upon any grounds. I handle his philanthropies, and I think that his benefactions are the largest in the world."

"You don't mean Cornelius Rockewell?"

"The same," Mr. Crimper proudly assured him. "Mr. Rockewell has had the professor of bacteriology of Rockewell college examine into the claims of Dr. Snalley."

Mr. Wallingford arose and glared loftily down at Crimper. "There is no use in discussing the matter, Mr. Crimper," he said sternly. "Mr. Rockewell must die at the hour his Maker intended. He did not get his great wealth honestly. Besides, why did he not come here in person?"

Mr. Crimper made three more vain attempts to present argument in favor of Cornelius Rockewell; then, with one mighty gulp, he swallowed his chin and went home, while the gentlemen of the press trod upon one another's heels in their frantic haste to get to their respective papers with the tremendous sensation.

"Cornelius!" Wallingford, who had spent two days at the window which overlooked the street corner, rushed back into the study. "Everybody to your places!"

There was a mad scramble. Violet dashed up to the attic to hide; Fannie, bewitching in a nurse's uniform, slipped out across the side hallway and into the wing of the house; Onion Jones, looking like an Easter egg, with his totally bald head and his gaudy butler's uniform, stalked solemnly to the front door, while Wallingford and Blackie headed for the cellar.

"Remember, now, Onion," admonished Wallingford, "you're a dummy."

"Don't worry, Jim," grinned Blackie. Cornelius Rockewell surveyed the stupid looking butler with impatience

"Over there?" Rockewell rose. "What is it? I say, what is it?" Cornelius' voice rasped with impatience. "If you can't speak, show it to me. Here." He produced a bill from his pocket.

Onion Jones looked at the bill for a long time; then he slowly took it, and with many stops and hesitations led the way out of the study, across the rear hall and into the wing of the rear building. He opened the door cautiously, then told Rockewell to follow.

The room was fitted like a hospital ward. In the center was an operating table, on which was a still form covered with a white sheet. Over the face was a mask.

"Dead?" whispered Rockewell. "No," whispered Onion. "They laid her out last night and doped her, and I heard 'em say she's going out tomorrow morning to begin life over again."

Onion had approached the operating table, and now he stealthily lifted the mask. "My heavens!" he gasped, stepping back in astonishment. "What's the matter?" said Rockewell nervously, looking at the still features. "Why, last night, when they put her on this table, she was a shriveled old woman with snow white hair. Now, she is the picture of health and middle aged."

"It's the same woman, though," puzzled Onion. "I can tell by the earrings."

A little bell tinkled at the head of the table, and Onion replaced the

mask and dragged Cornelius into a little corner inclosure. "It's the nurse," he whispered.

Looking out through the glass panel they saw Fannie Warden come in, trim and pretty in her stiff white uniform and white cap. With businesslike promptness the nurse lowered a white silk cage from the ceiling, which covered the operating table completely. She turned a button and there was the whirr of a motor for about two minutes; then she lifted the cage to the ceiling, and, suppressing her giggle over the whimsical mummery on which Blackie Daw had insisted, she walked sedately out of the room.

"And you say she was a withered, white haired old woman last night?" demanded Cornelius, trembling with eager excitement.

"Skinny," said Onion, "walked with a cane, waxy face, white as chalk."

"And you say she's going out tomorrow?"

"To begin life over again," repeated Onion.

It was 10:32 exactly when Onion Jones, the next morning, led Cornelius Rockewell on tiptoe into the mysterious room and lifted the mask. This time it was Cornelius who stepped back with an exclamation of astonishment. The woman who lay there was a young and beautiful girl.

"The same woman," faltered Rockewell, overawed by the sight. "The features are unmistakable." He looked at the earrings. The same!

The little bell tinkled on the head of the operating table, and Cornelius, leaving Onion Jones to replace the mask, started on a tottering run for the little inclosure.

"Hush!" he warned Onion Jones as that stupid butler joined him, and he watched for the pretty nurse to come through the door.

Again the white silk cage was lowered. Again the whirring motor was turned on, but when the cage was lifted the young and beautiful girl was wide awake. She sat up bewildered. She looked at the lock of golden hair, and her sparkling blue eyes filled with tears.

"Why, I'm young!" she cried. "Young!" She sprang from the couch and danced to the door and disappeared, followed by the nurse.

"How soon will your master return?" shrilly demanded Cornelius.

"I've got money, money enough to reach anybody. Do you hear me? Money!"

"Where's the little book, girls?" asked Wallingford as he and Blackie Daw walked into the parlor of Aunt Patty Warden's house.

"Honestly, did he give you the money, Mr. Wallingford?" incredulously cried Annie.

"It's been in my bank and out again," chuckled J. Rufus, and taking the little book which Fannie handed him, Wallingford crossed off the name of "Cornelius Rockewell." "Here's my certified check for \$250,000 to add to the Warden restitution fund. Besides that, I got the annual endowment, which will let Snalley experiment for the rest of his life and the entire cost of our plant down there and about \$12,000 to go into our expense fund."

"The celebration is already arranged," laughed handsome Aunt Patty, her mind now at ease. She had no moral scruples so far as old Cornelius Rockewell was concerned. He was one of those who had so ruthlessly robbed her niece. "Take your partners, young folks, and come into dinner."

(Continued next Saturday.)



A Galley o' Fun!



AN ALLEGED OPINION. "He has quite an opinion of his slinking, hasn't he?" "I should say so! He thinks no cold spell would be complete without him!"

THE TEST.

One evening when he had nothing worse to do an Eminent Practical man invited an Eminent Thinker to dine with him at one of those high-class restaurants where the bill of fare is printed in elegant French and the bills paid in profane English. And, because he had the price, he ordered a dinner that embraced indigestion in all its subtle forms.

When they had lighted their cigars the Eminent Thinker began to talk, as was his habit. Although his vis-avis seldom read anything more profound or elegant than a few yards of ticker-tape or the bulletins of a prize-fight, he was feeling well-fed and listened kindly while the thoughtful friend delivered a profound homily on Shaperepe. Being a critic of great erudition and much discernment he undertook to prove that all other interpreters of the great bard were wrong and that he alone had the inside understanding. He demonstrated to a nicety just now Shaperepe must have written each play and what his real conception of each character must have been. With his intellectual pump finally begun to suck the air and he had to stop for a fresh priming the Eminent Practical man took a fresh grip on his cigar and asked:

"Would it be worth while to write plays like Shaperepe wrote?"

"Mercuriale!" exclaimed the Eminent Thinker. "To write plays like Shaperepe would not only make a man immortal but would also make him rich."

"Then why don't you write some if you know just how it was done?"

"Well, but—but—er—but—" gasped the Eminent Thinker. "I am not Shaperepe."

"Quite true," said the Eminent Practical man. "But I am not the man who invented long division, and yet I flatter myself that I have done fairly well." Here he stopped to puff up and look red about the wattles before proceeding to annihilate his friend. After having looked sufficiently impressive for some time he resumed:

"Now, if I knew how Shaperepe wrote his plays I wouldn't go around spouting about it but would give the scheme a try and perhaps go Shaperepe a few better."

Of course this was terribly ignorant stuff for the Eminent Practical man to talk and the Eminent Thinker thought it as well to make no reply. He noted the fact, however, that there seemed to be a pseudo truth in what the Eminent Practical man had said and intends to write a magazine article on the point at an early date.

"Do you think Cholley's manner is natural or affected?"

"Well, I try to think the best of everybody—so I don't know which to think."

A DELICATE PROBLEM.

"Do you think Cholley's manner is natural or affected?"

"Well, I try to think the best of everybody—so I don't know which to think."

(Continued next Saturday.)

